APACHES AND MINERS.

The Troubles Between Them Seem to Have No End.

Peculiar State of Affairs Existing Along the Line of the Famous Mojave Desert in Southern California.

[Special Los Angeles (Cal.) Letter.]

The troubles between the white settlers in southern California along the line of the Mojave desert and the Indians seem to be never-ending. And as for Arizona, the principal occupation of the peace officers and ranchmen seems to be raids on Indian camps. The chief outstarting points are Kingman, the Needles and Mojave. These towns skirt the Mojave desert, and the rallying points of defense and offense. Here mining prospectors get their supplies, ammunition, and, of course, a liberal supply of whisky. These outfitting stations are also railroad centers, and with a mixture of mining and railroad men, gamblers, tramps, Indians and Mexican half-breeds and desperadoes in general, may be considered "tough" towns. Here the traveler gets a picturesque view of a typical frontier town. There are one or two general stores, several saloons and a hotel, generally given the name of "Palace." Whisky drinking and gaming are the principal industries. At all hours of the day and night the saloons and gaming houses are open. Indeed, it is doubtful if some of them have doors, as they are not needed. Lumber on the desert is a costly item.

APACHE INDIAN CAMP IN ARIZONA.

Faro and monte are the prevailing games of fashion. Americans patronize the former, while the Mexicans and Indians take the latter.

The monotony of frontier life is relieved by an Indian hunt. News has been received that the "desert Indians," as all tribes are styled by the frontiersmen, have murdered a miner. A number of the most desperate characters start out to "make good Indians" of the first Indians they may meet. These men are heavily armed with long-distance shooting rifles, a belt full of cartridges, a brace of revolvers each and a bowie knife. A miner has been murdered, and an Indian must suffer, though the murder may have been committed by some paleface desperado for the purpose of robbery. Frequently two prospectors go out on the desert in company. They may locate a rich claim, and in order to get it all one murders the other, and returns to town with a hair-lifting story to the effect that his partner had been murdered by "Injuns," and he narrowly escaped. A posse goes out and kills the first Indians they meet without questioning. They have so little regard for an Indian's life that it makes little difference to them whether the Indian is guilty or not. Frequently he is guilty of some other murder. But this is not known to his assassins. Consequently the relatives of the murdered Indian take the warpath and kill the first miner they see. The Indian will stealthily creep along through a ravine or under the ledges of rocks and as the miner approaches

AN APACHE TRAILER.

on the sandy trail he is shot down in revenge for a murder with which he had no connection. His horse, provisions and arms are taken by the Indian. When he, in turn, is killed, these are brought into town as trophies, and furnish argument for the "extermination of the Indian."

As a rule the Indians are harmless if let alone. It is the desperate characters who keep up the vendetta. If a rancher loses a beef, he will at once accuse the Indian, though the desert swarms with coyotes and other animals.

There is no doubt that Indians do steal both cattle and horses; but there are others on the desert who are in the same line of forbidden industry. But the Indian is charged with these crimes until they are proven on some paleface. This furnishes an excuse for killing an Indian whenever a desperado wishes to make a record as a killer. The Indians have no lands, and, being mere vagabonds of the desert, they seek to live on the pale face who has despoiled them. Some of them are industrious and work in the mines and some prospect for themselves, but no sooner does one find a claim of any value than along comes a paleface desperado and drives him away, or kills him, and covers the corpse with sand, or perhaps leaves it on the road as food for coyotes. The roads and trails are strewn with dead bodies of both white people and Indians, more as the result of these feuds than from hunger and thirst. The drifting sands conceal many bodies, which are discovered months after the person has disappeared. There is a hole in the head or back, which tells the story of assassination. In this dry atmosphere a dead body will not decompose for months, and will look as natural almost as in life, so, unless the "varmints" have eaten the flesh, the body can almost always be identified.

The Indians of the desert possess the knowledge of the whereabouts of a number of springs hidden around in the ledges and under rocks which they refuse to tell to the white miners. Hence they are trailed in every direction. Some of them also know the location of some very valuable mines which they also refuse to reveal, but occasionally bring in quantities of gold dust which they sell at the stores principally for whisky and calico goods. They are frequently swindled, for they have little idea of the value of gold dust or gold nuggets, especially when sold by the white man's weight, and weighed on varying scales.

Not only are these Indians tracked and killed by desperadoes who are lying in wait for some one else to find something valuable, but white prospectors also are killed, and all is charged to the Indian because he is a vagabond. It is no wonder that he is so, seeing that he is protected neither by the laws of God nor man. Hence he becomes an outlaw in many cases. A pathetic case is related, which I can scarcely believe to be true, for fraternal love is as strong in the breast of the red man as of any other race. A white desperado killed an Indian to get possession of his mine. The dead man's cousin in turn killed the murderer, and did not stop until he had killed several others and thought his revenge was complete. When the news was reported at the "station," the usual raiding party was organized, a number of Indians were killed, and finally it was learned that this particular Indian had a brother among the few that had been captured. He was told to return to his camp and bring back to them the head of his brother, the murderer. Failing, they would organize a large party and exterminate all the Indians on the Mojave desert. The Indian soon returned with the ear of another Indian, which he said was that of his brother, whom he had slain. The desperadoes wanted more proof. Under threats the Indian did return with the head of his brother. This seemed to appease the wretches, and no massacre followed. It is believed, however, that a white man assassinated the murderer and compelled the brother to bring in the head, and claim that he murdered his own brother.

However, since that time the Indian has become morose and has taken to the warpath. He has followed the trail of the miners through the ravines and canyons and shot down a paleface whenever found. At last accounts he has assassinated nine men and two women, none of them being a party to the deed which drove him to seek such hellish revenge.

Indian trailers are often used in these expeditions, for there are renegades among the red men as well as other races. The trailers hang around the towns, have forsaken the life of vagabondage and become sufficiently civilized to betray their people—for a price. They are, however, not trusted by the white people, and when a few desperadoes attempt to "regulate" the town, they occasionally shoot one of these domesticated Indians, "just to see him fall." When off duty, the trailers sell bows, arrows and pottery to tourists at the railroad depots. These are made by the squaws and children—the Indian brave generally considers it beneath his dignity to labor. The squaw also does the cooking, gathers the wood, and brings in the brush for the construction of their rude huts.

The Indian trailer is selected for his keen eyesight and sharp hearing. Along the trail, almost obscured by drifting sand, he can see the footprints which tell him whether it is that of an Indian or a white man, and the number. A bruised or bent twig or blade of grass is a sign he readily reads, and by the imprints around the camp fire he reads the number of campers and their movements. He shades his eyes with his hand and looks into the distance and discerns human figures which to the ordinary eye are a black speck, or perhaps not seen at all. He places his ear to the ground, and, rising, points in a certain direction, and grunts: "Umph, heap, many." Presently a cloud of dust is seen, and if the palefaces are in large numbers, they stand and receive it with a volley. Otherwise they fly toward camp, for it is a band of savage Piutes sweeping down upon them, and perhaps a massacre follows.

J. M. SCANLAND.

—At Colon, Mich., a farmer found a gold ring in a potato hill.

SOME QUEER FLORIDANS.

Animals Which Have a Curious Interest for Man.

On the borders of the Everglades you often see a large yellow spider. He swings a strong web from two pliant twigs on each side of a path or clear space of ground and waits for his prey. The web is in the shape of a hammock, and tapers at each end to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle. The bright color of the owner seems to mark him out for destruction—he is clearly defined against the white sand or dead leaves, and you wonder what he would do for defense in case of attack. Approach quietly and he watches you intently. Now raise your hand suddenly, and he will disappear. While you are wondering what became of him, you see a faint blur where he had been, then several spiders, then you catch sight again of the yellow ball you noticed at first. Repeat the performance, and the stage effect is renewed. The disappearance is absolute—there can be no doubt about it, and the little magician trusts to it entirely for his protection. How is it done? As soon as he is threatened he starts the vibrations of his airy hammock; these become too rapid for the eye to follow, and he vanishes. As these become slower you see a blur, and then several spiders as the eye catches him at different points of his swing, until finally he rests before you.

Haunting the rookeries of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care of himself, for his pincers are powerful, and his shell is hard—he is often as large as a saucer. There is perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings, and the young themselves if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly or he is killed by the stroke of a bayonet bill, and eaten in his turn. When the plume hunters have driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery, these crabs swarm out and devour the orphan young in short order. But while the mothers are allowed to do their duty the crabs are ideal scavengers, and devour the refuse as well as the insects that infest the bird cities. Their bright colors, like those of the tiger, make them less dangerous than their appetites would otherwise be.

There is a little purple crab along the coasts of southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This it so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive. Step back, and the crab will resume its place and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.

One of the most beautiful shells found along our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly carved and almost as transparent as the finest glass. It belongs to the family of edible snails so prized as a delicacy on the coast of France, and if properly prepared makes a delicious dish. It is most abundant about New River inlet, where the slight shake of a tree about sunset will bring a shower of them to the ground. The breakage of a shell seems to be of little trouble to the snail—he repairs the damage and moves on.—Jacksonville Citizen.

A PUZZLING RIVER.

The Niger Was for Many Years an Unsolved Problem.

For many years the Niger river was the conundrum of African geography. Nobody knew where its waters reached the sea, but many geographical experts had the wildest theories on the subject. Some of them thought it entered the Sahara and lost its waters in the sands; others that it flowed into Lake Tchad. Mungo Park evolved the fanatic idea that it was the upper part of the Congo, and the ill-fated Turkey expedition, sent by Great Britain in 1816, was instructed to ascend the Congo to the Niger. Some of the most famous African explorers made great discoveries in other directions while they were really seeking to solve the problem of the Niger. The only result of these investigations was a fresh crop of erroneous theories. One of them conjectured that the Niger reached the Atlantic, and each one had an opinion of his own. All these speculations were duly recorded on the maps and the cartographic delineation of the Niger from 1781 to 1832 is something wonderful to contemplate. It would seem to be a simple matter to keep to the river when once it was reached and follow it to its destination, but that was the very thing the explorers were unable to do. But it was the German geographer Reichard, in his library at home, who solved the Niger riddle, some 15 years before the Lander brothers in 1832 proved his assertions true. Everybody knew of the numerous rivers emptying into the Gulf of Benin and they were supposed to be independent streams of small importance. But Reichard said that the long stretch of the coast where these streams reached the ocean was the sea front of a great delta and that the Oil rivers were nothing but the subdivisions of the mighty Niger. That was true, and we know that the Niger delta is the largest in Africa.—Chicago News

From Talk to Action.

"Here I have been going with you for a year and have yet to kiss you for the first time," he said complainingly.

"I have thought of it a thousand times," she answered, "but you understand the social restrictions to which my sex is subjected."

Then the bonds of conventionalism were broken and for some time there was a sound that was not that of conversation.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unkind Retort.

Mr. and Mrs. Yerger had an unusually lively matrimonial row the other night. As Mrs. Yerger was getting the worst of the argument, she burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I had never met you!" "You do, eh?" he replied, sarcastically. "Yes, now that it's too late, you begin to sympathize with me. Why didn't you think of that before I married you?"—N. Y. World.

A Lover's Bon Mot.

He was a witty lover—he
Who made this turn so fine;
He called his best girl Postscript, for
Her name was Adeline!
—Up-to-Date.

A PLEASANT DREAM.

Bumm de Way—Dat wuz de most delightful nightmare I ever had, Willie.

Willie Worknit—What wuz it?

Bumm de Way—I dreamed I wuz sandbagged fer me money!—Up-to-Date.

Knew All About Them.

She had been to the seashore and was deeply interested in all that pertained to it.

"Did you ever see a shark?" she asked.

"Well, I should say so," he answered. "I bought a house and lot of one once on the installment plan." — Chicago Post.

A Resemblance.

"Death and the people of Germany are alike in one respect."

"Name it."

"The people of Germany like to use money direct from the mint."

"Go on."

"Death loves a shining mark, too."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Harmless Habit.

A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington tells how he found that his stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, and spoke to the coachman about it.

"They ought to go," he said.

"That's just what I say myself," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me; I go, and what harm does it do me?'"—Tit-Bits.

The Reason.

Lawyer Hooks (in the bosom of his family)—Well, my dear, I have given up the Bagrox case, after having been engaged in it so long.

Mrs. Hooks—Then you have exhausted every legal expedient?

Lawyer Hooks—No, but I have exhausted Bagrox' money.—N. Y. Journal.

Fatal Curiosity.

Visitor (to attendant friar at the refectory of a convent)—Are we allowed to smoke here?

Friar—No, sir.

Visitor—Then where do all these stumps of cigars come from that I see lying about?

Friar—From those gentlemen who didn't ask.—Odds and Ends.

So Persevering.

Mrs. Gummey—Miss Broadway is to come out this season.

Mrs. Glanders—What a persevering little thing she is.

"What do you mean?"

"She has come out regularly for the past six or seven seasons."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hurt His Pride.

Mrs. Smidelle—Georgy, come right into the house this minute, and don't let me catch you out again this evening.

Georgy—You hadn't oughter boss me around before folks in that way, ma; folks'll think I'm your husband.—Boston Transcript.

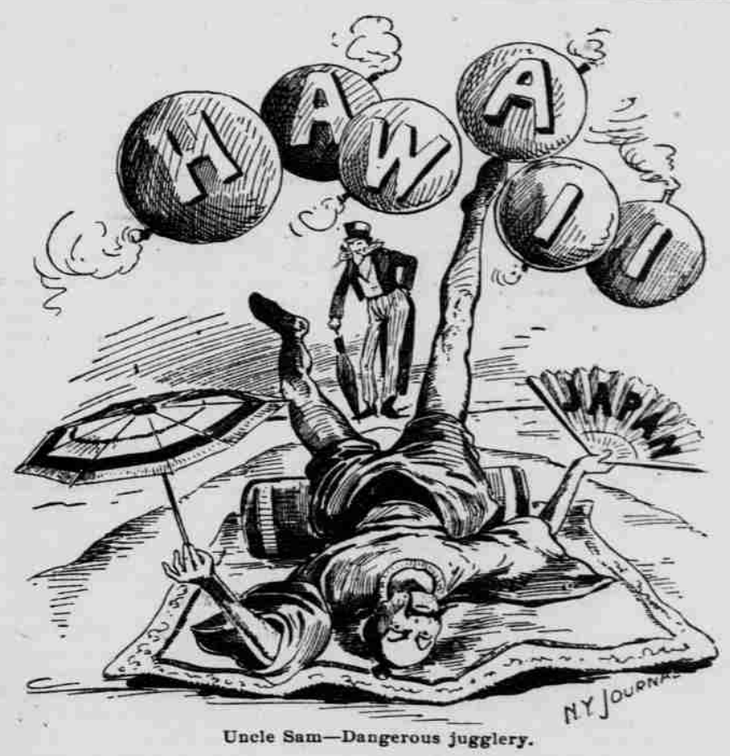
Agreed.

"He takes a fence very easily," said Miss Gilfoyle to Miss Tenspot, after the hunt was over, and speaking of Mr. Fosdick.

"He does," replied Miss Tenspot. "I don't know of a man more ready to take offense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Only a Blossom.

'Twas but a little faded flower,
But fraught with tears and woe;
He would not tell where he got it—
And she was bound to know.
—Chicago News.



Uncle Sam—Dangerous jugglery.

Love's Power.

Willy—Say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?

Aunt—Why, for love, of course!

Willy (meditatively)—H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything won't it, auntie?—Puck.

Alloy.

"Now that you and your husband have kissed and made up, I suppose you are happy."

"Except when I think of some mean thing I might have said."—Detroit Journal.

Much in a Name.

"Is your new pony fast?"

"Yes; so fast that I've named him What Ma Says."

"That's a queer name."

"Yes; but what ma says goes."—Boston Traveler.

Good State for That.

Galligaskins—The state geologist of Kentucky says there is no gold in that commonwealth.

Skimgullet—But I should think it would be a fine place for bichloride of gold.—N. Y. Journal.

A Scheme of Reform.

If for one day I were let loose
To boss things on this mundane shore,
Watermelons would have less juice
And bananas would have more.
—Chicago Record.

Just the Opposite.

Kilduff—I hear that Tenspot is cultivating his garden religiously this year.

Mullins—The report is wrong. I heard him swear while weeding the other day.—N. Y. World.

A Situation at Sight.

Miss Craik—Er—really, Mr. Pruyn, I must refer you to papa.

Pruyn—Why, bless me! my dearest girl, anyone with a face like yours needs no references!—Brooklyn Life.

Stood by Him.

"Perhaps he isn't all he might be, but he stood by me in my hour of trial, and—"

"What was he, an officer of the court?"—Chicago Journal.

Fortifying Himself.

Mr. Hojack—Tomdik, old boy, do you know that you have taken four cups of coffee already.

Mr. Tomdik—Well, I'm going to call on Miss Chin, and I want to be able to keep awake.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where the Rub Comes.

There are flying machines and flying machines,
And aerial boats by the score;
But the sorest part for the air marines
Is that each one refused to soar.
—N. Y. World.

CRUSHED AGAIN.

Willie—Why do you never ask me to call Sundays, Miss Tart?

Violet—Because that is a day of rest, you know!—N. Y. Times.

The Right Sort.

Briggs—Do you know, I never thought much of Baker until yesterday.

Griggs—What changed your mind?

"I learned that his wheel is the same make as mine."—Detroit Free Press.

He's Sorry.

"When I married my wife I loved her so much that I could have devoured her."

"And now?"

"And now I'm sorry I didn't do it."—L'Illustre de Poche.

ROMANCE OF A COIN.

Spurned by a Bartender, Bought for $100 by a Numismatist.

From being turned down when offered in payment for a kettle of beer to being purchased by a numismatic for $100 is in brief the recent history of an ancient coin found by some laborers the other day. The details between the time of the finding of the coin and the disposition of it are interesting, as showing how, after changing hands several times and being the subject of several proposed bargains, but not consummated, the coin sprang from the depths of ignominy—spurned by a bartender—to its proper place as a recognized treasure.

It was discovered by laborers who were making an excavation at Broad and Catherine streets. It was a disreputable thing to be called a coin, being so long covered with dirt that the image and superscription were not recognizable. The man who picked it up looked at it doubtfully.

"I don't know what it is," he said, "or how much it's worth, but I guess it's good for a kettle of beer, anyway."

And so the long buried coin started on its journey to prominence. It was thrown on the bar of a near-by saloon, offered in exchange for a cold, frothing kettle of lager. The bartender eyed it suspiciously.

"No good," was his verdict, uttered in the cold and unsympathetic tone which only a bartender can use, as he sees coins and apologies for coins of all sorts thrown before him by thirsty mortals.

The finder of the coin was disappointed. He wanted the beer. He began to argue the case and attracted the attention of another man in the saloon, who took up the coin and examined it.

"I'll give you 50 cents for it," and the next moment it was in his pocket, the finder of the coin paid for his beer, disappeared, came back and had the kettle refilled, disappeared again, and so on until the half dollar was gone. He and his friends thought it was a great piece of luck to find a coin worth half a dollar.

Then came a rapid exchanging of hands, so far as the coin was concerned. The man who paid 50 cents for it showed it to a friend, who offered him a dollar for it. The deal was promptly closed. Then the man who had paid the dollar found a man who was willing to give five dollars for it, and again the coin changed owners.

But here the locust-story phase of the coin's history ceases. The next chapter was one of bidding and the refusal of bids. The five-dollar man took it to a coin dealer, who offered him $20 for it. The five-dollar man said he'd think it over, and went to another dealer.

"Twenty-five dollars" was the figure offerd by dealer No. 2, but the five-dollar man still held on to the coin. "If one man offers $20, and you are willing to pay $25," he said to the coin dealer, "the next one I strike may make it $30."

The dealer thereupon offered to take the coin and find a buyer at once, getting the most he could for it, and deducting a per cent. commission. The owner agreed, and the coin was taken to a well-known numismatist, who saw it was no everyday find. It was an old English coin, containing about $16 worth of gold, but valued at many times that much money, because there are, it is said, only four of the kind in existence.

The coin was purchased for $100, and the buyer is not expected to lose money, even at that figure. Indeed, the other three coins of the kind are said to have sold for as high as $400 apiece.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Abuse of the Dispensary.

It may be broadly stated, as the result of exhaustive statistical study, that fully 50 per cent. of the patients who apply for free medical aid are totally undeserving of such charity. The main reason for this is that no effectual means are taken by the managers of these institutions to correct the abuse. For the sake of donations and the ostensible good accomplished by the treatment of a large number of patients, these charities are managed on the usual business principles of proving their right to be and to prosper on the assumed basis of demand and supply. In New York alone there are 116 dispensaries, each one of which is vying with the other in propagating the worst form of pauperism. The public is taught that nothing is more freely given than medical advice to anyone who may ask for it. The institutions in question are crowded daily by hundreds of well-to-do patients, who are encouraged to defraud the really poor and to cheat the charitably disposed doctor of his legitimate fee. All this goes on in spite of protests, and in open defiance of all laws of ordinary decency and fair play. The managers of these so-called charities, who virtually have the matter in their own hands, while openly pretending to deplore present conditions, are covertly combating every effort at reform, on the ground of its impracticability.—Forum.

Provision for Both.

Smith walked up Market street the other evening with a box of candy under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hello, Smith," said Brown, "gone to housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with that candy and meat then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the candy is for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square myself with both."—San Francisco Post.

—A real sea lion is loose in the Merrimac river, between Lowell and Lawrence. It belonged to the menagerie at Glen Forest, and made its escape the other day.